



A NEW SONG CALL'D THE THREE HUNTS—MEN'S TRAGEDY

I will sing you of three huntsmen as brave as eare could,
Thy spect all their yonthful days in joy and jollitry,
That's Wilson Gilmore and Johnson remark the words I say
Five-hundred-pounds they did lay down upon their hunting day

They hunted over hills & dales the Wicklow-mountains high
O hark away young Johnson says I hear a woman's cry
Johnson being a railant man he serched the Glen all round
There he spied a woman with her hair pinned to the ground

Are you a idle woman young Johnson he did say
Or yet a robber in disguise my life to take away,
No kind sir a robber-the same I do deny,
It's robbers that has robbed me & lett me here to die

A gang of robbers stripped me & my hair pinned to the ground
They robbed me of my watch & likewise three hundred pounds
I place my life in your hands protect me home I pray
My father is a noblemaa your kindness will repay

Johnson being to foolish a man he placed her up behind
He roll'd his big coat about her to sta e her from the wind,
They travell'd on together till they came to a parlin strasse
She put a whistle to ner mouth & blew it loud & shrill,

She being the Captain of the gang the came a her command,
Ten of these daring highway-men they bid the huntsmen stand
Shying deliver up your money & that without delay,
Or by these loaded pistols we'll take your lives away

Our huntsmen being well arme'd young Wilson he let fly
And 2 of those darsng highway-men soon in their blood did lie
Gilmore popped 3 more of them all with his pills of lead
Johnson with his blunderbuss the others shot dead

The Captain she rode Wilsons horse & over the hills d d fly
Our huntsmen rode quick a ter her & thir bullets they le fly
A pistol ball proved her ownfall h r blood did stain the lee
Horrah my boys Johnson cries we have gained the victory

To see the robbers in their gore the came b th far & near
A long time the kept the coun ry in tyranay dread & fear
Thir cave lay on the m untains rich treasures their did lie,
These highway-med were buried near where the did lie

These highway-men will do no more the mos their death
Thir n h they being t n in numb r & our huntsmen only thir
Though they bring t n in number & our huntsmen on 3 three
Prosperity may attend them when they go t hunt again